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A WOMAN'S WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

It is very recently that some of us among New Hampshire's hills were made aware, for the first time, that a Peace Society existed in the country, that publications are issued in Boston, and that Dr. Howard Malcom, whose letters and journals we used to read with such lively pleasure, is the President of this organization. My whole heart makes haste to cry "*All hail!*" All honor to the men, to the noble men, who are lifting the standard to the world, the banner of the "*Prince of Peace.*" "*Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings,—who publisheth PEACE,*" the Gospel of Peace. Yes, welcome to every messenger who goeth forth bearing this "*precious seed.*"

I hail this cause as full of hope. I bless our *Heavenly Father*. I bless our *earthly* fathers, I bless our dear brothers, that the *PRESS* is serving them and serving humanity. Yes; for of all who live and love and labor, and hope and endure, to whom is Peace a sweeter reality than to myself and to every other woman? How priceless is the broad sunshine of the rest from "*War.*" What nameless sufferings does the word call up to every mother, wife, sister, friend!

War! It is the Red Dragon portrayed in the Revelations, who persecuted the woman, to whom was given the man-child, and stood ready to devour him as soon as he was born. So it is now, ever has been, ever will be. Strange and unnatural must be that woman's heart who can contemplate such agonies as the War from 1861 to 1865 multiplied through the land, and not pour out her whole heart in supplication to God that the destroyer of her little ones may be chained. Yes; my whole soul responds to the *Advocate of Peace*. God bless thee. My father, mother, friend, shall not we, as fond wives and sisters, do what we can to swell the song of Peace, *Peace, PEACE?*

Will you accept our offerings in writing, our words of love and hope and active labor? Perhaps it may cheer and warm the heart of some dear brother as he goes out into the field, which is the world, with the blessed pages which you send forth. With Adoniram Judson, with his earnest spirit, go forth, my dear brothers. Ye shall not labor in vain, nor lose your reward. Faint not, nor grow *weary*. Consecrated Press that gives to the world the Gospel of Peace, scatter thy words of Peace on the four winds. Go forth, ye little silent messenger tracts. We welcome every one whose feet tread the ways of Peace. *Blessing unto thee.*

Your Sister,

WARNER, N. H.

P. M. E.

HOW WAR BLUNTS AND PERVERTS OUR SENSIBILITIES. — The stoutest heart would recoil, were he who owns it, to behold the destruction of a single individual by some deed of violence. Were the man who at this moment stands before you in the full play and energy of health, to be in another moment laid by some deadly arm a lifeless corpse at your feet, there is not one of you who would not prove how strong are the relents of nature at a spectacle so hideous as death. There are some of you who would be haunted for whole days by the image of horror you had witnessed — who would feel the weight of a most oppressive sensation upon your heart which nothing but time could wear away — who would be so pursued by it as to be unfit for business or for enjoyment — who would think of it through the day, and it would spread a gloomy disquietude over your waking moments — who would dream of it at night, and it would turn that bed which you courted as a retreat from

the torments of an ever-meddling memory into a scene of restlessness.

O! my brother, if there be something appalling in the suddenness of death, think not that when gradual in its advances, you will alleviate the horrors of this sickening contemplation, by viewing it in a milder form. O! tell me, if there be any relents of pity in your bosom, how could you endure it, to behold the agonies of the dying man, as goaded by pain, he grasps the cold ground in convulsive energy, or faint with the loss of blood, his pulse ebbs low, and the gathering paleness spreads itself over his countenance; or wrapping himself round in despair, he can only mark by a few feeble quiverings, that life still lurks and lingers in his lacerated body; or lifting up a faded eye, he casts on you a look of imploring helplessness, for that succor which no sympathy can yield him.

It may be painful to dwell on such a representation; but this is the way in which the cause of humanity is served. The eye of the sentimentalist turns away from its sufferings, and he passes by on the other side, lest he hear that pleading voice which is armed with a tone of remonstrance so vigorous as to disturb him. He cannot bear thus to pause, in imagination, on the distressing picture of one individual; but multiply it ten thousand times; say, how much of all this distress has been heaped together upon a single field; give us the arithmetic of this accumulated wretchedness, and lay it before us with all the accuracy of an official computation — and, strange to tell, not one sigh is lifted up among the crowd of eager listeners, as they stand on tiptoe, and catch every syllable of utterance which is read to them out of the registers of death. O! say, what mystic spell is that, which so blinds us to the sufferings of our brethren; which deafens our ear to the voice of bleeding humanity, when it is aggravated by the shriek of dying thousands; which makes the very magnitude of the slaughter, throw a softening disguise over its cruelties, and its horrors; which causes us to eye with indifference, the field that is crowded with the most revolting abominations, and arrests that sigh, which each individual would singly have drawn from us, by the report of the many who have fallen, and breathed their life in agony along with them. — *Chalmers.*

WAR UNDER THE OLD TESTAMENT.

In the Old Testament there is no exaltation of war above all other callings, or of the military character above all other characters, such as we find in Greece, or Rome, and in the other heathen nations. There is none of that false estimate of moral qualities, which produced the institutions of Sparta, and which partly leads Plato, in his ideal republic, to propose that woman shall be trained to take part equally with man in the work of war. There are no provisions for triumphs and other military rewards; no incentives to military emulation; no rules for military education. No heaven is opened, as in the Koran, to those who fight bravely for the true God. "*Peace in all your border*" is the blessing, though war is not a crime. Military pride, instead of being nursed, is rebuked by the words which bid the Israelite put his trust, in the hour of battle, not in his own might, but in the presence of the Lord his God.

Not only so, but wars of conquest are made almost impossible, by the law forbidding forced service, the means by which the great armies of the East are raised. "*And the officers shall speak unto the people saying, What man is there that hath built a new house, and not dedicated it; and what man is there that hath planted a vineyard, and*

hath not yet caten of it; and what man is there that hath betrothed a wife, and hath not taken her, let him go and return unto his house. And the officers shall speak further unto the people, and they shall say, What man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted? Let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart."

We see, also, that "the captains of the armies to lead the people" are not to be made till the people are actually in the field; so that there would be no military cast or profession always burning to go to war. The God of the Hebrews, then, is not characteristically a "God of Battles." Compared with the gods of the other nations, He is a God of Peace. Yet He has been taken for a God of Battles, and His name has been invoked in unjust and fanatical wars. — *Prof. Goldwin Smith.*

THE SOUTH RECOVERING FROM THE MORAL EFFECTS OF THE REBELLION. — Few have adequately conceived how far her rebellion recoiled upon the social, intellectual and moral condition of the South. It operated as a general paralysis upon her literary institutions. We are coming incidentally to learn its effect in this respect. "Dr. Waddell, President of the University of Mississippi," says the *Southern Presbyterian*, "is of opinion that there are more young persons getting an education in the South than ever before. One religious paper had at one time forty advertisements of schools. They are studying better because they know they will have to depend upon their own individual efforts for a living. There are more in proportion that are pious, and many are candidates for the ministry. Already several have gone as foreign missionaries, and the Church been awakened thereby. We think God is about to open the people's hearts to give as never before. Presbyteries and churches are adopting the Scripture plan of *every one giving weekly*. The churches also are becoming fully organized by the election of deacons, and their activity in Christian work is greatly augmented."

MARS IN APHELION. — We believe that astronomy represents the planet Mars as most eccentric in its orbit of all the planets, with the exception of Mercury. As Mars, in the old Mythology, was the god of war and strife, and Mercury the universal mischief-maker, the physical fact referred to would seem to have almost a typical significance. The "eccentricity" of the orbit of Mars is such that when in its *aphelion*, it is some twenty-six millions of miles farther from the sun than when in its *perihelion*, or at its nearest point. Sometimes it is no more than thirty-five millions of miles from the earth, while at other times it is not less than two hundred and twenty-five millions. A kind of wandering, straggling fellow, is this Mars, appearing sometimes as if he scarcely knew his own mind, what he is after or whither he wants to go. If for once we might identify the planet and the god, and attribute to them, as ancient faith once did, the supervision of warlike matters in this world, we should say that just at this moment, to speak astronomically, they are at the *aphelion* point, or mythologically, that Minerva has once more gained the upper hand, and under the stone she casts, the god lies sprawling.

The exhibitions of human soldiery just now are certainly not of the most resplendent sort. A little sputter of war breaks out, now and then, in South America. Ever and anon we read of a small-sized Cretan skirmish. The Cuban patriots are burning some powder, and making some noise, but with very insignificant results otherwise. Meanwhile the grandiloquent "Eastern Question," as between

Greece and Turkey, dies out in mere scolding, threatening, and make-believe reconciliation. Mars is manifestly not the planet now in the ascendant, certainly not the god most heard in the Olympian councils. Mortals and terrene people will not break their hearts at this state of affairs. The earth swings on its way not much caring whether the fiery-red little planet is in the *aphelion* or the *perihelion*, while mortal men may see reason to rejoice in the humiliations of the strutting deity.

War is unquestionably always in some one a great blunder and a great crime. Of course it is ever a question that has to be submitted to the arbitration of history *who* is the blunderer and who is the criminal. Often the parties to it may share the blame between them. But a blunder and a crime it always is, in its human aspect. Viewed as permitted or used in Divine Providence, it is one of the most terrible of punishments for human sin. We believe that, in this day, the greatest of the generals would be first and chief to rejoice if every sword were to become a plowshare, and every spear a pruning hook.

The aspect of affairs in the world at this moment would seem to indicate that the nations are tired of war, and even their rulers disposed to consult "the things that make for peace." When some question arises like one still pending between England and America, or the one just now disposed of between Greece and Turkey, there is seen among the rulers and diplomats much more of a genuine wish to adjust matters without war than was at least once the case. Even if we *must* take the lowest view of the motives prompting this, and suppose that the reason is that those who guide the politics of the world have become satisfied that the great game of war is too much a doubtful chance, with a stake too precious, even this is something.

The world was long in learning even so much as this. Until very recent times, it was supposed that no squabble of nations could ever be honorably settled without blood, and that the growth and supremacy of any one nation must always be at the expense of some other. It is a great point gained, that the ruinous fallacy is at last exposed, and that it is found there are better means of national advancement than war and conquest. We will hope, too, that there are nobler motives; that in the latest great wars both in the New World and the Old, a conclusive reason has been seen and admitted why political questions should always be settled by political means, and that war is henceforth to be accounted an evil to all parties, and equally to be shunned by all. When that day really comes, the function of the soldier will be ended, and Mars may hang up his shield. — *Chr. Freeman, Chicago.*

A CONTRAST.

It is cheering to see in our secular papers, occasionally impressive articles in favor of a new mode of pacifying the world. The following article is an editorial in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, written in the spirit of true statesmanship. It was published during the siege of Sebastopol: —

"It is a singular fact, and one worthy the attention of statesmen, that in no species of labor that men engage in, is the expense so great in proportion to the work accomplished as in war, while in none is so much labor performed so cheaply as by some of the missionary circuit riders in the backwoods, or in a savage country. Every one of the 250,000 soldiers around Sebastopol has cost on an average far more to France and England than a missionary would have done in any part of the globe, and 200,000